

## NEW JERSEY CELTICS LOSE TO LANARKS

Famous Scottish Soccer Players  
Win Match by 4  
Goals to 2.

## SIX THOUSAND AT PARK

Wonderful Plays Made by  
Capt. Gordon, Brownlie,  
Wilson and Brown.

Yesterday's uncertain weather had much to do in keeping spectators away from the long heralded soccer classic played at West Side Park, Jersey City, between the famous Third Lanark team of Scotland and the Jersey Celtics. About 6,000 soccer fans witnessed the match, the first played in America by the Lanark team, and evinced great interest in the players from abroad, who won the game by the score of 4 goals to 2.

Although the Lanarks led by 1 to 0 at half time, the Celtics had much the best of the game, but after the restart the visitors came to the front, although at this stage of the game they showed the effects of their long trip from Montreal, where they defeated the North Canadian team by 1 goal to 0.

The first goal of the game was scored by Rankin, playing at inside left, which he sent in from about thirty yards. This goal was scored soon after the game started.

Wilson, the visitors' brilliant center forward, known as the "Babe Ruth of soccer," constantly called for great applause, which knew no bounds when he scored a goal about two minutes after the restart. Fifteen minutes later Hosie shot a beautiful corner for the Celtics, but it was blocked by the Lanark defense.

After another fifteen minutes of play McBain, one of the halfbacks, scored the Lanark's third goal, which was quickly followed by another from Rankin.

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## Amateur Golf Cup Magnificence in Baggage Room

British Open Championship Emblem, Won by Jock Hutchison at St. Andrews, Has Valises and Broken Umbrellas for Companions First Night in America.

## By KERR N. PETRIE.

Minus two of their number, Jim Barnes of Pelham and Wilfrid Reid of Warrington, but bringing with them something that was crossing the Atlantic Ocean for the first time in a history dating back to 1872, the American professional golfers returned from their wanderings and their successful onslaught on the open golf championship at St. Andrews when, a day late, the Carmania of the Cunard Line pulled into her pier at the foot of Fourteenth street yesterday morning.

The something referred to above is the British open championship cup, most coveted of all the trophies competed for in the world of golf. It came back to the possession of Jock Hutchison of Glen View, Chicago, who won it for the best field that ever competed for it, tying Roger Wethered, the Oxford amateur, at 286 strokes for the seventy holes of play and then defeating him on the thirty-six hole play off by a margin of nine shots.

Hutchison had the emblem of what is supposed to be the world's individual golf supremacy. The appearance of the cup on the first trip to America put a new one up to the customs authorities, but receiving the assurance from Jock that he did not intend to possess it all time, they finally let it go through duty free.

Whereupon Hutchison bundled it up with his golf clubs and other belongings into a taxi-cab. And that cherished bubble of the world's individual golf supremacy was inscribed with the names of the giant of the royal and ancient game since 1872, and the time of "Young Tom" Morris, spent last night in unfamiliar surroundings, in the baggage room of the Hotel Pennsylvania.

Lined Up With Suitcases.

One would have thought that such a sacred thing would at least find a side of the suitcase and the great millionnaire and milady's jewels. But no. Born within the world's golfing Mecca and in a land reeking with the stench of the Americanization nevertheless would appear to be the case of that Mark Twain brand, in fact, which seems more need for soap powder than reverence in webbed antiquity.

"Did you put the cup in the safe?" queried the porter at the Quarantine Saturday night, commencing a situation unique in the annals of golf, inasmuch as within a biscuit toss of each other, although the one unaware of the presence of the other, the former and present holders of the British open golf championship, Duncan and Hutchison, spent the night in the quiet of New York City.

At a time doubtless the dreams of the immigrant, full of its new home in the golden land of the West. With one faint foreboding of the ignominious way in which the cup would be lost in the baggage room of the hotel it probably would have cried aloud in its despair until it awakened its former custodian from his slumbers.

His fortune in American dollars that awaits him at \$250 each in a schedule of fifty-eight matches, with many more in sight.

No Presentation of Cup.

Those who had taken their cue from the cabled despatches telling of the irritation engendered in the heart and soul of the volcanic "Hutch" at what he considered a lack of respect for the powers that be in the Royal and Ancient in failing to make a formal presentation of the cup after his playoff with Wethered were able to place a ripple on the otherwise placid waters.

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However, it was explained by various members of the team that the prize had been presented in the usual way at the finish of the actual tournament play on the Friday night and that on the Saturday it was merely a question of Hutchison's delayed playing to determine which should hold the trophy.

Hutchison by that time had the first money prize in his pocket. Kerrigan had the second, inasmuch as Wethered had been the runner-up.

All the others had what was coming to them as a result of their play, down to Fred McLeod, who said he got his "in the neck." It was brought out that Hutchison had been nettled by a remark to the effect that his ribbed mashes and not altogether his own ability had won the championship for him.

Jock admitted that several of the "Big Mousies" of the Royal and Ancient had gone out of their way to make it pleasant for him as well as for the other members of the party. Still, there was something that rankled in the indignity of the "proven," or mayor, down to the youngest caddy boy had spent the week praying for his success, Jock missed something.

He was a regular victory, and yet Evidently the finish lacked that indefinable something which at the conclusion of an American championship might be expected for a caddy boy.

He was the hardest tolling member of the team feeling that without him the victory would have been a failure.

Or perhaps Jock was expecting to see the British knights of the cleft stick on their heads with delight at the loss of their cherished cup making its first trip to the United States when all the time, poor fellows, the pangs of foreboding were upon them of the indignity to come when it would spend its first night in its new country among a heap of portmanteaus and broken umbrellas.

"Why worry?" spoke up Fred McLeod. "Everything has been a success with the exception of myself. And with me everything has gone wrong since last I saw Broadway. Across the water I sold out my last year's salary for my golf matches. All the way home I have been writing the boys checks on what I earned away back in 1914 by your return passage. Nothing has gone right since I left New York. Well, anyway, you can say that I gave the party."

Emmet French Happy.

Emmet French, captain of the team, thought he had done fairly well to bring home the eleven members back with him. French, present on the other side of the Atlantic, had been away from home by more than a week, having left St. Andrews before the playoff between Hutchison and Wethered and in time to catch the Carmania.

French explained that he was not responsible for the disappearance of Barnes and Reid, and gave it as his opinion that these two would be found and returned, which is due in New York next Tuesday.

All were booked to return by the Mauretania. Finding, however, that the ship had postponed her time of departure for seven days, it was decided that a return should be made by the Carmania. By this time Barnes had gone to the South of England and a telegram was sent to notify him of the change in plans was returned undelivered to French.

Bermuda Champion in Semi-Final at Scarsdale

Manfred Goldman, the Bermuda champion, James J. Ewing, Jr., of the Seventh Regiment star, and Charles Anderson gained the semi-final round of the cup singles in the lawn tennis tournament on the courts of the Sunningdale Country Club at Scarsdale yesterday. The fast and deeply placed drives of Goldman accounted for the defeat of E. J. Deane, 6-3, 6-1, 6-0. Anderson was defeated by E. J. Deane, 6-3, 6-1, 6-0.

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## WINS TENNIS TITLE

Defeats Dr. George King for North Side Championship Trophy in Four Sets.

## By KERR N. PETRIE.

Elliott F. Binzen, by sustained aggressiveness and a sterling net attack, won the North Side championship singles title and trophy in a five-set game yesterday. In four sets Binzen defeated Dr. George King, the New York Athletic Club star, by the tally, 3-6, 6-3, 6-1, 6-2, 6-0.

Binzen, for thirty-six holes to-day and then have the amateurs, Bobby Jones and Chick Evans, so against the visitors to-morrow. Evans, however, has decided to play in the Western amateur championship.

The new schedule as arranged last night is to have Hutchison and Kerrigan play Duncan and Mitchell over seven sets of play, thirty-six to-day and the same number to-morrow, for a purse of \$1,000.

Mitchell and Duncan arrived on board the Lapland of the Royal Star Line and were driven out to Pelham by Major L'Esperance, Warren K. Wood, the former Chicago star, and other members and officials of the Country Club, where they were entertained at dinner in the clubhouse.

The Lapland very conveniently came in about an hour after the Carmania had arrived at the Quarantine Saturday night, commencing a situation unique in the annals of golf, inasmuch as within a biscuit toss of each other, although the one unaware of the presence of the other, the former and present holders of the British open golf championship, Duncan and Hutchison, spent the night in the quiet of New York City.

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## SEAWANAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.

Has Catboats Built for Youngsters Under 17.

## By CHARLES F. MATHISON.

After closely watching the boxing contest between Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier in Jersey City July 2 Jim Corbett, once heavyweight champion of America, declared that he was unable to discover the slightest evidence of cleverness in the performance of either victor or vanquished.

As Corbett was by long odds the cleverest boxer in the history of the heavyweight class, possibly his opinion is entitled to respectful consideration.

At the same time it seems hardly likely that Corbett meant to make so sweeping a charge against the heavyweight champions of the world and of Europe.

Judged by the Corbett standard, possibly Dempsey is not a clever boxer, but when the Californian declares Carpentier is not clever Corbett lays himself open to the charge of prejudice or defective vision.

Carpentier is clever, although his cleverness is not exerted entirely in the matter of defence, as was the case with Corbett. Dempsey was so eager to escape a return blow that he usually began to back away before his opponent was landed.

In his entire career Corbett stopped three men. One was an unknown named Billy Welch, the second was John L. Sullivan, a physical derelict, and the third was Charlie Mitchell, a sick man. The "knockout" of McCoy is not entitled to a place in the records.

So long as Corbett retained his speed it was impossible to reach him, but as soon as he lost form he was stopped by Fitz, and also twice by Jack Johnson.

Both Dempsey and Carpentier are superior to Corbett in all around effectiveness.

Boxing is by no means a parlor game, but he has an effective system of boxing, both with reference to defence and attack. Had Jack Dempsey in his present form been Corbett's opponent May 21, 1917, instead of Peter Jackson, Corbett would not have lasted sixty-one rounds.

As it was, Corbett was fortunate in that, because Jackson was handicapped by a lame ankle.

Dempsey as he stands to-day would have finished Sullivan in a few rounds on the night that Corbett won the American title from the Boston boy, and there is small doubt that Dempsey's speed and punch would have felled the mighty Fitz.

Jeff's iron jaw and rugged